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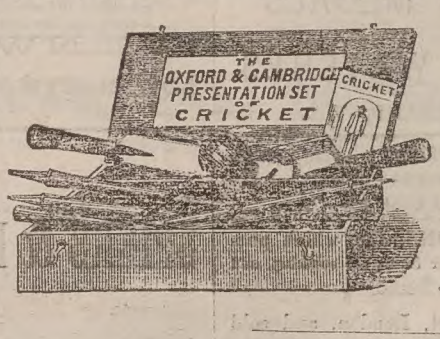

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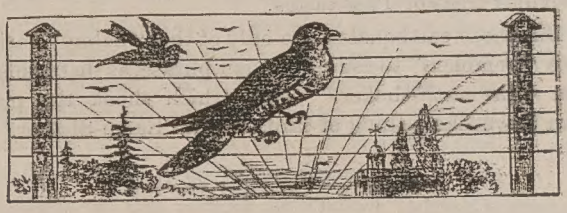

News from Abroad.

Feminine curiosity was considerably aroused regarding the presents recently made to Prince Wilhelm and his bride on the occasion of their wedding. In order, therefore, to afford the loyal Berlin folk an opportunity of inspecting the costly gifts, and at the same time aid a deserving charity, the Imperial family have permitted the whole to remain on exhibition, a small charge being imposed upon visitors. The amount thus realised is to go to the funds of the Damen-Verein—the Ladies' Samaritan Society. *Apropos* of the marriage, it is stated that none but corporations and public bodies were permitted to make any presents to the young couple, and owing to this, more than *three thousand* gifts from private individuals were refused or returned. The desire of the Imperial family was that the value of these private gifts should be applied to alleviating the poverty and need which at present exist in Germany. A kindly wish; one, it is to be hoped, the donors will not hesitate to comply with.

The Princess Dolgorouki warned the Czar, it appears, of his coming death. But Cæsar would not listen to Calpurnia, and went out on the Ides of March to meet his murderers.

There is a hideous significance in the ease with which Louis Melikoff has captured the assassins.

We are told that the man who threw the first bomb has been arrested; that he incriminated another man killed by the same explosion as the Czar; and that he has divulged the private manufactory of the bombs.

Then follows a highly romantic story of police going to the said manufactory; of a man blowing his brains out inside before they could break in; of a petroleuse within warning the police that there was dynamite about; and, finally, of a young man coming next morning, and fighting desperately before he was captured.

But the whole story reads like a clumsy fabrication from first to last. The police of St. Petersburg are quite capable of pretending it is true, but the men who ridded Russia of its Czar are not the men to betray associates in this handsome way.

It is not for long that the "Princess" Dolgorouki has enjoyed her high position of a demi-official Czarina. As soon as the assassination was known to be complete, and the Czar dead, she left the Palace with her children in private vehicles. The new Czar is as yet only married to his first wife, and has very little sympathy with Princess Dolgoroukis.

As the Czar is dead, it is very safe indeed for Louis Melikoff to have it published in the St. Petersburg papers that he warned His Majesty "privately" that his life would be attempted on Sunday. Such cheap swagger as this does not conceal the fact that, given one determined assassin, all the police of St. Petersburg are helpless to prevent him.

In a moment of very extreme excitement no man is his own master. The brave rush to the danger, the cowards fly from it, the stupid stand bewildered; and the treasure that all wish to guard stands undefended for any passing foe to attack. Alexander II., as a fact, might have been beaten to death with clubs, or had his throat cut, at the moment when every one was attending to the results of the first bomb.

The first bomb was intended to arrest attention while distracting it—as it exactly succeeded in doing. And then the second was ready, with nobody thinking of any further danger, except the poor coachman, who alone of all the Czar's attendants begged his Majesty to remount his shattered carriage, "as the spot was dangerous."

The Czar of Russia is a lineal descendant of the Princess Sophia, mother of George I., and therefore, under the Act of Settlement, with a reservation as to religion, entitled, failing better heirs, to succeed to the throne of Great Britain.

We need not be surprised that no trace could be found of the infernal machine by which the Czar was killed. Some years ago an explosion of nitro-glycerine took place in two carts on the high road to Llanberis; and not a vestige was left of carts, horses, or men.

There is little doubt that nitro-glycerine was the material used, probably in small glass bulbs. The missile must have been small and easily concealed; and, at the same time, of tremendous explosive power. Now the Orsini bomb was simply an iron shell of six or seven inches diameter, filled with gunpowder, and studded on the outside with nipples, capped with percussion caps. But such an instrument could not break windows one hundred yards off.

Perhaps the examination of Colonel Drojvenki's wounds will explain the mystery. Nitro-glycerine, the strongest explosive known, was discovered by Gobrero in 1847; and the famous chemist, Mr. Nobel, was occupied for years in an endeavour to produce it in some form which should admit of comparatively safe handling; but though he was to a certain extent successful, the yellow, oily liquid is even now shunned by miners and quarrymen on account of the frightful accidents it has caused. Its force is estimated as one-fourth more than that of dynamite, which again is more powerful than gun-cotton.

Nothing can be more dreadful than the latest chapter of the Peruvo-Chilian War. The troops, defeated at Miraflores, have sacked the city of Lima, with every accessory of crime and cruelty. At Callao the outrages to humanity have been even more shocking. It seems almost a pity that some Power stronger than either Peru or Chili does not step in and take over both as the fee of restoring peace to these beautiful countries.

A proposal made by an American Electric Light Company to illuminate the Capitol at Washington by night, so as to make it "visible many miles in every direction," is not finding much favour among Congress-men and Senators. The Yankee Legislature appears to entertain a strong objection to being made "visible many miles in every direction" after the shades of night have fallen, and asks plaintively, "How would you like it yourself?"

Much indignation was expended the other day over the vile doings of certain Belgian scoundrels, who were sent to prison for having carried on a systematic trade in English girls. If a story which reaches me from Newcastle be correct, it is not Belgians alone who are capable of this depth of villany; and in the present state of the law the business can be carried on with comparative impunity.

Is no member of Parliament bold enough to introduce a piece of effectual legislation on the subject?

Such is the unpopularity of Sir John Pope Hennessy, as Governor of Hong Kong, that even the Chinese have began to sing, in pidgin English, "When Johnnie goes marching home."

Do the Turks talk of war? Hear our own Greek. "The boatmen of the Piræus have sworn that they will blow Hobart Pasha and his ship into the air if he ventures to show his nose outside the Dardanelles in command of a Turkish fleet. From what I know of their character, I should say that they were just the boys to keep their word on this one occasion, especially as they would have substantial inducement to do so in the profit they would reap from the success of the adventure—the Government having set aside one million out of the last loan of one hundred and twenty million francs, to be expended in rewards for acts of daring and gallantry at sea in the coming war."

"Captain Woods, R.N., is giving the Turks the benefit of our latest experiments in torpedoes, and has, I understand, had the defence of Volo by submarine mines confided to his charge. As this port in Thessaly has been awarded to Greece by general European opinion, including the Turkish party of English statesmen, to say nothing of England's commissioner at the Berlin Conference, Captain Woods must be aware that he is acting against the policy of his own country in undertaking to defend it against Greece.

"As soon as the war breaks out there will probably be a proclamation of neutrality issued by Her Gracious Majesty, calling upon her subjects to take no part on either side."

"Should the English officers now in the service of the Porte disregard H.M.'s proclamation of neutrality, Mr. Gladstone has given us a hint, in one of his speeches last year, that the British Consul-General at Constantinople will be directed to put the law in force against them.

"I have heard bitter remarks in Athens about England allowing her officers to remain in Turkey, lending their talents and the skill they have gained under British instruction to be used, as they style it, by the oppressor against the oppressed, by the ruthless Turkish Government against the down-trodden Thessalian peasant. If the Englishmen, it is urged, in the pay of the Porte were recalled, the Turkish fleet would be perfectly helpless.

"It is very much to the credit of Baker Pasha that he holds aloof from the coming struggle. I am told that he will not accept a military command in either Thessaly or Epirus, but describes himself as awaiting the pleasure of his Majesty the Sultan to commence upon the organisation of the gendarmerie, the work for which his services were engaged just four years ago!"

His Holiness the Pope has ordained a Jubilee. For Europe it will last from March 19th till All Saints'-day. For the rest of the world—the outer, blacker, heathener world—it will last a whole year.

All the pious are recommended to make pilgrimages, and to contribute freely to religious charities.

It would really look a little more like war to-day between Turkey and Greece if Turkey were a free agent. Moreover, with a strong friend at the Russian Court, in the person of the Czarina, the sister of the King of Greece, it is just possible the Greeks may be more unreasonable than ever.

Prince Rudolph is enjoying himself immensely on the Nile, shooting waterfowl and collecting the plumes for his pretty sweetheart, Stephanie of Brussels.

Earthquakes continue at Casamicciola, and the old olives among the rocks quiver from time to time like the bedevilled trees of Phantastes.

But these earthquakes are only of the "balmy" variety, mere "tremblers" to use a Peruvian phrase, as distinguished from "the earth-shaker." That which shook the pretty town down like a thing of cards was an Earth-Shaker.

News from the Country.

Edinburgh is going to pretend that Carlyle belonged to her. But he did not—not even to Scotland. Carlyle belonged to Chelsea.

When he was thirteen he lived in one of the gloomy streets of the gloomiest capital of Europe, buf he got away from it as soon as he could. The new railway offered him a chance not to be neglected.

Scotch ministers are still fighting hard on paper, over the Blantyre Mission scandal. Why can they not let it alone? It is in evidence that the Rev. McGillicuddy translated the Scriptures for the natives, and also flogged them,—and, taking the two together, he comes off an average person.

Most of us who have been abroad have administered the chastening rod to blacken brethren. It is true none of us have ever rubbed salt into their backs afterwards; but then none of us have ever translated the Scriptures.

Liverpool is to be spared the spectacle of ecclesiastical litigation, as there is every probability that the Bishop is not likely to sanction the prosecution of the Rev. J. Bell Cox, vicar of St. Margaret's, Prince's-road. No other course seems open to his lordship, who was one of the northern prelates

summoned to meet the bishops of the Canterbury Convocation, when it was agreed that there should be no fresh prosecutions pending the result of the Royal Commission into the constitution of ecclesiastical courts.

It was a cruel joke that was perpetrated upon a "minion of the law" at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the other day. During the service one of the churchwardens, seeing a policeman put his head inside the door, beckoned him to take a seat, pointing to a vacant one. The energetic officer of the law proceeded to the seat, and, to the consternation of surrounding worshippers, at once took into custody a well-known member of the congregation, in answer to whose protestations he said that the churchwarden had given him into custody! The churchwarden hurried up, and the matter was, of course, quickly explained. It appeared, on inquiry, that the policeman had been the victim of a hoax, two small boys outside the church having called to him, "Policeman, you're wanted inside."

The University of Aberdeen has conferred upon Sir Herbert Oakeley the degree of LL.D., this being, we believe, the first occasion of conferring the honour on one not an *alumnus* of the University.

"We wanted to go to Heaven, both of us," was the explanation given by a youthful son of St. Crispin, the other day, of an atrocious attempt to murder his mother. The poor woman was in the act of attending to the fire, in front of which she was in a kneeling position, her son came behind, and forcing her head back, drew a shoemaker's knife across her throat. A frightful wound was inflicted, the windpipe being cut, and slight hopes are entertained of the unfortunate woman's recovery. It is added that the son was suffering from religious monomania.

Apropos of the notices of Oxford lodging-houses, a College correspondent writes:—"Delegates of the lodging-houses in Oxford have ample power to enforce their regulations on the lodging-housekeepers. Without a licence no one can take University men as lodgers, and the removal of this licence leaves the landlord with his house on his hands. It will be remembered that a few years ago Dean Burgon, of Chichester, entered upon a Quixotic campaign against the lodging-house domestics, accusing them of all manner of mischief. The good Dean, however, was ignominiously routed, not without a considerable amount of ridicule; and any one who knows the Oxford 'slavey' will admit that she is tolerably harmless."

Why do not the University of Oxford, who are joint owners of the "Market" with the Corporation of the City, improve Market-street, which is a disgrace to civilisation. No wonder "typhoid" should exist in the ancient seat of learning. The University and city both reap a good income from the market, and should, as rich corporate bodies, do their duty, especially as they take upon themselves to be "Judges and Rulers" over the lodging-house keepers of the city.

Lord Derby opens a new School of Science at Oldham to-day.

Mr. Parnell is going to make another contribution to the oratory of the Irish question, in an address to a Land League meeting at Enniskillen, on Monday next. When one bears in mind the inglorious advice he managed to throw into his last harangue, and the subsequent passage of the Coercion Act, it is difficult to look forward to the forthcoming event without a certain feeling of curiosity. Will the hon. gentleman afford another illustration of the adage that "circumstances alter cases?"

"The high roads were crowded with shoals of exiles to the eternal mines; the secret knife of the assassin was at work; the hand of the executioner was the most active hand in the State; and the lamentations of Europe were again heard over the tales told by refugees from their terror-stricken fatherland." This picture of the present condition of Russia, as compared with the Russia of '48, is limned by an earnest Liberal hand. It is the work of Mr. Joseph Cowen in his powerful northern organ, the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

Mr. Cowen does not say how many of those refugees have to thank him for a home on English shores. Few know how generously he has ministered to the needs of political aliens of every nation, or how he is looked up to by the exile and the despised among men as their protector. Mr. Cowen, in fact, is rather a fine type of man.

Sir Samuel Ferguson is credited with having discovered historical testimony proving that a pagan king of Ireland, named Dathi, campaigned it in Italy in the beginning of the fifth century. The members of the R.I.A. are in expectation, as the paper embodying his discovery will be read before them.

The ascertainment is this week being made of the "realised price of coal" in Durham. It sounds strange in metropolitan ears to learn that that realised price last time did not much exceed 4s. 6d. per ton, but this was the realised price received by the coal owners on the coal—household, coking, and small—of all kinds over a period of some months, and that now being ascertained may exceed this, but not very greatly.

Yorkshire men are a canny race, and a somewhat amusing instance of their fertility in the devising of expedients has just reached us from Bradford. At a meeting of Yorkshire farmers, held a few weeks ago, to consider the bes means of alleviating the present depression in the Bradford trade, it was unanimously resolved to appeal to the Princess of Wales to give, by her gracious example, countenance to an effort to change the fashion in favour of the Bradford goods. Steps were accordingly taken to bring the result of the meeting under the attention of Her Royal Highness, and it is stated that this effort has been so far successful that an application on her behalf has been made to Messrs. A. and S. Henry for samples of Bradford stuff goods, which have been already forwarded to Her Royal Highness.

The "happiest day in his life" was a sad misfortune for a Derbyshire farmer named Mr. Joseph Tym. This gentleman, who was about 45 years of age, went to Stockport on Tuesday week for the purpose of getting married. The wedding took place from the house of the bride's sister, Mrs. Ellis, and after the ceremony the latter provided dinner, of which roasted ducks formed a part, and of this both deceased and his wife partook. At night they took train to Chapel-en-le-Frith, and from there they drove to deceased's farm at Edale. When they arrived home both were unwell, and were very sick during the night. This sickness, which was accompanied by diarrhœa, increased, but medical aid was not called in until Friday, when it was found that deceased was so exhausted that recovery was improbable, and he eventually died on the following day. The condition of the wife was also so critical that her depositions were taken by Mr. Ashton, J.P., but at the time of the inquest it was believed she would recover. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes, accelerated by eating indigestible food."

A new racecourse for the midland counties, which has during the past twelve months been formed at Four Oaks Park, Sutton Coldfield, at an expenditure of £100,000, will

be inaugurated to-day, under the auspices of the Grand National Hunt.

The West of England Pressed Meat Company cannot be said to have been fortunate in its directors—at least, such is the opinion of the committee of inspection appointed to inquire into the company's affairs. The directors have received £50,000 of the shareholders' money, of which the committee declare that £20,000 have been already sunk, and they cannot estimate the present value of the company's property at more than £20,000.

After this, it is not surprising that the committee have come to the conclusion that if the shareholders desire to make another effort to carry out the original purposes for which the company was floated, its management must be placed in the hands of a new board of directors.

Carlyle's attachment to his native county either led him into hyperbole, or his admirers scarcely do him justice. At a recent meeting of the Dumfries-shire Society, Professor Charteris thus alluded to his enthusiasm for Dumfries:—From first to last Carlyle was a man of their county. He had made all Europe understand that the best man he ever knew was his fellow-student from Annandale, Edward Irving; that the best woman that was ever born was his own mother; that his wife, with the humour and power of John Knox, was the light of all his troubled life; and that the most original genius he had ever met was his own Annandale father—or if there were one who disputed the claim, it was one in whom also Dumfries had a share—Robert Burns! Cuckoo!

Sir John St. Aubyn has had the best of it in a rather sharp passage of arms with his constituents.

Sir John and his colleague are subscribers to the Royal Cornwall Agricultural Society, and they naturally declined to contribute to the fund being raised by a particular district—Redruth—in aid of the same society. Whereupon the dwellers in Redruth waxed wroth, and the local committee passed a resolution of censure.

Sir John's reply is a model of independence, and is worth quoting. He says:—"My subscriptions in the county are given in my private capacity as a resident Cornish gentleman. As a member of Parliament I do not subscribe a shilling which I should discontinue if I ceased to represent the county. The relations between a member and his constituents ought in my opinion to be those of mutual respect and independence, and I will not put any voter, or body of voters, under any obligation to me on account of money considerations large or small. No one who knows me, or whose opinion I value, will suspect me of being influenced in these matters by any question of money. My course with regard to these questions was founded on principle. I have acted on this ever since I entered Parliament, twenty-three years ago, and, believing, as I do, that the principle is right, I cannot now depart from it, and am prepared to stand by it whatever may be the consequences to myself."

A wild swan has been shot in a loch in the island of Burray. It measured from tip to tip of wings 7 ft. 8 in., and from bill to tail 4 ft. 3in.

The dead meat trade by retail must afford tremendous profits at Derby, otherwise it will go hard with Mr. Harry Longden, who was the other day fined £130 for exposing bad meat for sale. Defendant had been fined £30 in 1878, and £50 last year for similar offences. The alternative offered by the Bench was three months' imprisonment; "but," adds the paper which publishes the news, "with such a record against him, it is hard to understand why the magistrates should have allowed him any option in the matter." We commend the observation of that journal.

News of Town.

Gossip of the Lobby.

Both sides of the House are determined to do all they can to get the Estimates through as soon as possible. If something is not immediately done our soldiers and sailors, judges and civil servants, must go without pay or salary.

There is great grumbling in the Conservative ranks at the late and continued mismanagement of the party affairs, on the part of the Central Conservative Association having its head-quarters in St. Stephen's Chambers. It is complained that while they themselves never do anything, that they put the drag on and prevent others from working. Now that Mr. Rowe reigns supreme, hopes are entertained of improvement.

The Conservative leaders intend moving several amendments to the Corrupt Practices Bill, especially to those clauses treating to the interference with the social liberty of the people.

If the Bill passed in its present form, they argue that during election days life would be rendered intolerable.

Whatever else may be said about the Irish State trials, at least no charge can be brought against the Government of having taken unfair advantage of their position. This is admitted on all hands, even in Ireland, and during Tuesday night's debate on the Irish votes in Supply Mr. Sullivan and others said it was the first time that a political trial in Ireland had been conducted without a palpable straining of the law against the accused.

Should Mr. Bradlaugh resign or be unseated, I hear that Mr. Ashmead-Coutts-Bartlett will be run as a candidate for Northampton by the Conservatives.

France is not likely to be thwarted by Germany in her raid upon Tunis. If she pounces upon that country Germany will smile, for she will know that her old enemy has also made an implacable foe of useful little Italy. And Tunis is a cheap price to pay for that.

The Irish are delighted at the success of the stratagem which the Conservatives suggested to them, namely, to keep quiet on the Estimates, and thus demonstrate the needlessness of coercion. But the Irish members' constituents think differently, and are already remonstrating by telegraph with the "spalpanes" who have let the votes for the Irish constabulary pass without "dying on the floor of the House" in defence of the liberties of Ould Oirland. The situation is becoming complicated. Parnell finds it hard to please the Tories and the Fenians too.

There's every likelihood of a strike amongst the telegraph clerks, in consequence of Mr. Fawcett's attitude at the interview the *employés* had with him. But the Postmaster-General has been wily enough to have a reserve of telegraphists ready from the various railway offices in the kingdom. The knowledge of this fact may possibly calm the ardour of the clerks.

Mr. Macliver will bring the whole matter of the telegraph clerks' position before Parliament at to-night's sitting.

None too soon. The Candahar debate in the House of Commons will take place on Thursday, the 24th inst.

This evening a motion will be made for the reduction of bandsmen from the strength of the army.

Captain O'Shea will to-night bring the case of subalterns in Her Majesty's military service under the attention of the Secretary of State for War, with a view to ascertain whether some measures cannot be adopted by which the condition of this numerous and important class would be improved.

Lieutenant-colonels commanding regiments which are not on war service ought, we think, to be entitled to receive brevet-colonel rank after holding their commands upwards of three years, and we are glad to see this is to be suggested.

It has been arranged that the first subject to be dealt with by the Railway Committee, which holds its first sitting to-day for the dispatch of business, shall be the question of rates.

The Services.

Highland regiments are not over-pleased at the prospect of losing their handsome plumed bonnets. The plausible reason given for their abolition is that they are not Scotch. As well might the bearskins of the Guards be discontinued because they are not English. The feather bonnets have been worn for 75 years, and have inspired awe in the minds of Frenchmen, Russians, and Sepoys alike.

Major Duncan, R.A., Director, of the St. John's Ambulance Association, has just issued a note on the recent progress of work. On the 3rd inst., certificates of efficiency to successful pupils were presented at Stroud, by Sir Brook Kay; on the 4th inst., at Durham, by the Dean, as Chairman of the Local Committee; on the 4th inst., at Bedford; and on the 5th, at West Hartlepool, by Major F. Duncan, Director of the Ambulance Department. The new centre at Chester was opened by Major Duncan on the 14th inst., the Dean presiding; and on the following day certificates were given to the successful pupils at Tibshelf, one of the Derbyshire colliery centres.

It will have been noted that a Captain Cropper accompanies Sir Evelyn Wood to the Transvaal, as an officer of the staff. This officer belonged to the West Kent Militia, but had to resign his appointment to proceed to the seat of war, as Militia officers were refused permission to join the forces at the Cape. Captain Cropper saw service in the Zulu war, and has been awarded a medal for saving life from drowning. Mrs. Thornburgh Cropper, his wife, is not unknown in society.

The *Persian Monarch* left yesterday morning for the Transvaal, with 305 troops, and 268 horses and mules. At Battery Point, Gravesend, she took on board 30 tons of ammunition, consisting of 1,800 rounds of cartridges and shell for the six-pounders on board, 1,000,000 rounds of small arm ammunition, and three boxes of ball cartridges for revolvers.

Members of the Navy Club dined together at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Tuesday evening. Vice-Admiral Oliver was president, and General Sir Charles Trollope, K.C.B., was the guest. There were also present—Admiral Fanshawe, Admiral Dunlop, Rear-Admiral Marten, Rear-Admiral John Seccombe, Captain J. E. Erskine, Captain N. Bowden Smith, Commander Lord Robert Bruce, and Commander Sir John Maxwell, Bart., and the secretary, Mr. H. J. Kelly.

Yesterday Sir Reginald Macdonald, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, arrived on board a Government steam-launch at Chatham Dockyard, and transacted some business of an important official character with Rear-Admiral T. Brandreth. A hurried inspection was also made of one or two of the vessels which are in a more forward state of progress, and after visiting the various basins and docks the Commander-in-Chief returned.

Sanction by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has been given for forming the 11th Company of the Royal Engineers, stationed at Chatham, into a field service company. A large detachment of Engineers, together with a number of horses, are expected to arrive from Aldershot about the 25th inst., to join the company, and preparations are now being actively made for the necessary quarters, stabling, &c. The 3rd Company is to be broken up, and the officers and men transferred to Kensington, to take the place of the 15th Company.

The Portsmouth gold leaf *fiasco* has in a somewhat modified manner been repeated at Chatham. The "gentlemen from London" have, however, apparently satisfied themselves that Admiral Brandreth's staff may be allowed to pass.

It appears that one of the principal officials at the dockyard has recently built himself a private residence in the immediate neighbourhood of Chatham, and a correspondent of one of the local papers, having been aware of the fact that some of the brass fittings used in the erection of this mansion bore the stamp of the *broad arrow*, he communicated the fact in a veiled form to the general public. The official in question espied the paragraph, recognised it as applying to himself, and forthwith made it his business to personally interview the editor of this paper and indignantly repudiated the inference to be deducted from the report, asserting that the fitments were purchased of a firm of ironmongers in the town who had bought a large quantity of the articles at a recent public sale of surplus dockyard stores.

Mr. Childers's idea of distributing twenty-five C.B.'s amongst the Auxiliary Colonels has created a distressed flutter in the heart of every one of the gallant 220 that are eligible. There is not a man amongst them that does not feel that the Bath would be honoured and the Auxiliary Service delighted if he got the decoration. And they are intriguing one and all, with an energy that does even businesslike men, as they are, infinite credit. It is for Mr. Childers to extricate himself from the labyrinth of their importunity as best he may.

It is not a little amusing to note that every distinct class in the Army and Navy is well to the fore with a grievance at this moment. The riding-masters, quartermasters, lieutenant-colonels, subalterns, medical officers, naval engineers, warrant officers, and lieutenants have all their distinct representatives in the House. The only exception is the parson's class—and that, all agree, is too well treated.

An electric lighting company, which was but recently supposed to be in very flourishing circumstances, is about to go into liquidation.

News of Noon.

The Duchess of Connaught will some day next week be examined by commission in an otherwise uninteresting libel case.

Earl Mayo, the Hon. John W. Plunkett, the Dowager Lady Dillon, and Admiral Spencer are among those who left Ireland for England last night.

Among those who left England for Ireland at the same time were Lord Hereford, Lord Inchiquin, Sir John and Lady Dillon, Sir R. Dalzell, Bart., and Mr. H. Thompson, M.P.

The Madras Irrigation and Canal Company is another gigantic affair gone the way of all flesh. An official liquidator is to be appointed on the 23d of this month. This company occupied a somewhat anomalous position. It was founded in 1857, and its stock capital of £999,666 bore 5 per cent. interest guaranteed by the Indian Government. Five per cent. mortgage bonds were also issued to the extent of £426,095; in addition to a debenture debt of £358,428. The mortgages rank first on the company's goods and property, but the interest was not guaranteed, and had been in arrear since June 30, 1878. The Indian Government are to be congratulated on the collapse of this piece of dead weight.

Mr. William J. Burnside, erst proprietor of *Saunder's News Letter*, is again on the war-path. Otherwise W. J. B. is company promoting. I see he is managing-director of a to-be-formed enterprise—the Automatic Telegraph Company, which, according to the prospectus, "has entered into an agreement with Her Majesty's Postmaster-General for erecting or renting telegraph wires for the purpose of transmitting simultaneously to subscribers, Parliamentary, Stock Exchange, mercantile, sporting, and general news." There is no deception, gentlemen, the word "simultaneously" is afterwards explained as "at one and the same moment of time."

Reduced from Irish to English, this astounding intelligence means that the Company will use Mr. Hendz Van Hœvenbergh's automatic type-printing machine, which instrument has been in regular use in reporting Parliamentary proceedings during the Session.

Mr. William Saunders, of the *Central News*, is *possibly* the moving spirit, anyway he will be one of the directors, and his agency the first to adopt the system.

The chief advantage of this instrument is that intelligence "will be printed in bold type and a continuous roll of paper flowing from the machine." The system has been thoroughly and successfully tested in New York, and in England has quite answered expectations.

Her Majesty the Queen is expected back at Osborne shortly. The week before Easter was the time arranged but owing to the assassination of the Czar, and the consequent continuance of Court mourning, the date of Her Majesty's departure from Windsor will be, it is anticipated, somewhat earlier.

The Lord Mayor's notions of hospitality and entertainments may advantageously and *profitably* be taken to heart by future aspirants to the civic honour. Summed up, they amount to this:—Accept the honour, dignity, and salary, but above everything don't spend the latter in keeping up the historical hospitality of the City of London. From the teetotal point of view this may be decidedly praiseworthy. From the economists' also, as it saves waste. But is it the public's view as to the duties of a Lord Mayor? Airing particular predilections or proclivities under cove of an important public position, is simply a breach of the observances of civil society.

If Lord Mayor McArthur persists in propagating the gospel of temperance through the medium of his position as Lord Mayor, he has only himself to thank if his popularity wanes.

The two newly-fledged judges, Justices Williams and Mathew, have deserted the dingy "Nichol's Room," and taken flight upstairs to Committee Room B in the Lords, where they sit, like lawyers generally, with their backs to the light. It is diverting to see the boats and barges passing along behind the bed of justice. Irreverent frequenters of Westminster, remembering the fame of these imps as mercantile lawyers, speak of this Court as composed of two "commercial gents." Possibly, the Lord Chancellor has arranged his "Tribunal of Commerce" with a view to spectacular effect—ermine in front and behind a window showing Father Thames laden with wealth and penny steamboats.

In spite of the extreme suavity of Mr. Justice Field and his remarkable quickness of hearing, the interesting case of Chamberlain *v.* Barnwell is likely to last several days longer. Some twenty more witnesses are to be called, among whom the plaintiff himself is expected to figure. His evidence taken on commission has already been read on behalf of the defendant, and it seems odd that he should be called so late in the day; but as the defendant says that his accusation was true, he is practically the prosecutor, and opened the ball. The cross-examination of the plaintiff will furnish much unreportable matter, all of which will, of course, be duly reported.

The Rev. Archdeacon Hose has succeeded Bishop Chambers in the bishopric of Labnan, and sails for Singapore during the present week to assume his office.

St. Patrick's Ball postponed in consequence of the death of the Emperor of Russia, will be given in Dublin Castle on Wednesday evening, the 30th inst.

In consequence of the death of the Emperor of Russia, which has caused the postponement by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of the customary festivities of this week the usual ceremony of "guard-mounting" in the Upper Castle Yard will not take place to-day.

The revolutionary desparadoes in St. Petersburg were desperately in earnest about their diobolical work of Sunday last. Other emissaries were posted in other directions in case of the Emperor taking a different route, and failing the attainment of their object by this means, other schemes had been devised with a view to future opportunities. Yesterday afternoon a mine has been discovered leading from the house No. 56, Mala Sadowa, under the roadway by by which the Emperor often drives from the Winter Palace to the Michel Manège.

King Oscar, of Swepen, who has been suffering from a slight attack of fever since Sunday, yesterday displayed symptoms of inflammation of the left lung.

The armistice in the Transvaal having come to a close without any sign of a settlement, operations have been resumed. British troops have been crossing the river during the day, and a pontoon bridge is being constructed.

Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston, "the venerable founder of the temperance movement," attained on Saturday his 87th birthday. It would almost pay a drunkard to assassinate him, for such a standing argument for temperance is dreadful to think of.

Gossip of Town.

To-day is St. Patrick's-day.

St. Patrick was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian. Like all the best of Scotchmen he left his native country early in life—and never returned to it, to stay.

Selecting Ireland as his residence, he made himself conspicuous by worrying all reptiles and vermin out of the island.

The frogs went hop, the toads went flop,
Slap bang into the water,
The snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.

Except that he drank hard, and established the shamrock as the national emblem of the three F.'s, nothing authentic is recorded of him. He kept on living for nearly a century and a-half, and it is still open to (Irish) doubt whether he died adequately even then.

Lawson *v.* Labouchere.—This case opens again in the Queen's Bench Division to-morrow.

A pleasing scene was witnessed yesterday in Cheapside. In broad afternoon a crowd of clerks, shopmen, and boys mobbed a forlorn, shawl-less woman, possibly drunk, perhaps mad, and literally hounded her from Bow Church to the Post Office. They jeered and hooted as they hustled her along, and screamed with delight when she turned at bay and clutched at one of her tormentors. The yelling ruffians drove her from road to pavement, from pavement to road, and tracked her down step by step, only stopping when she stopped to face them in inarticulate frenzy. City gentlemen, sucking their toothpicks, it being lunch-time, looked on and enjoyed the fun. City policemen had other drivers to look after, and the helpless creature was left at the mercy of these brutal cubs.

Guardians of the poor, although proverbially stony-hearted, appear to be somewhat thin-skinned. At a meeting of the City of London Union yesterday, Mr. Lindsey, C.C., called attention to an attack which had been made upon their august body by a Mr. Horncastle at one of the City clubs. He considered it a serious matter that one of their members should be charged with using Billingsgate language, and appealed to the chairman to vindicate the character of the Board. The chairman, Mr. Jas. Abbiss, J.P., remarked that he knew nothing of Mr. Horncastle or his aspersions, and that nothing so objectionable as Billingsgate language had reached his ear. A general eulogium, highly flavoured, having been passed upon the Board by the various members, Mr. Shaw, another C.C., dryly remarked that it was easy to mistake the enthusiastic language of some of their members for Billingsgate.

Miss Jennie Lee's impersonation of "Jo" has drawn from a correspondent who signs himself "A Young Christian," the following strictures upon her assumption of the character, and upon theatre-going in general:—"A man who would waste his money by paying to see a sham article when he can see the real thing free is, to my mind, a complete simpleton. It appears that lately 'someone' actually was foolish enough to do this and 'brag' of it afterwards. It appears that he paid a certain sum (the amount I cannot tell), ranging from sixpence to a guinea, to see an imitation 'Nobody'—a street Arab—when thousands of the real article may be seen daily in our streets. I say if a man will give his time to viewing the shadow instead of the substance he will be like the fable-dog, get nothing after all. He passed year after year these poor wretches in our lanes and streets in all their misery, saw them, and yet his heart was not moved to do them good; and now he goes and wastes money that ought to go towards providing such poor urchins with clothes, &c., to support a place of the dreadful name (in a Christian's ear) of theatre."

Ordinary mortals must be content to walk *very* much at a distance behind this ideal gentleman.

Mr. Bradlaugh was the chief actor the other night in a rather amusing scene within the precincts of the House of Commons. A visitor was waiting in the outer lobby to see him, and the hon. member found on going out that the stranger was one of his constituents entrusted by certain admirers with a petition and a square tin box. By some awkward movement in opening the box it fell to the ground, and with it a shower of coppers. The pennies contributed towards Mr. Bradlaugh's law expenses by his lowly friends rolled in all directions, and gave their two custodians a rather troublesome ten minutes.

Can it be true, as I hear, that at a certain Club near St. James's-square, it is not only possible, but *easy*, for a "young blood" to lose as much as £10,000 in gaming in a single night?

One who heard the Premier's address in the House of Commons, upon the murder of the Czar, thus describes it:—"Mr. Gladstone's speech on the death of the Emperor of Russia moved everybody. Its evident sincerity gave to it a deep pathos, which Lord Beaconsfield never reached, and Sir Stafford Northcote never pretended to touch. There was no acting, save such as may be said to spring from the art which conceals art. There was no straining after effect. The whole scene was moving in an unusual degree because of its naturalness. Lord Beaconsfield's speech about the Princess Alice, and 'the story which might be engraven on gems' was recalled, and not to the advantage of the Tory leader's oratory."

How many hundred times in personal history has it happened that pictures, &c., have fallen down from nails on which they have been hanging for years, at the precise moment when somebody was *not* under them?

His Lordship of Worcester had one of these narrow escapes the other day. A marble tablet fell off the wall, and the result might have been fatal to his lordship, fracturing his skull and enlivening promotion in the Church—if it had not happened that his lordship was not underneath the tablet when it fell.

Ladies do not wear elephant or pig earrings now; it is bad form. They wear shrimps. Pink coral makes good shrimps.

We are told that 'Ardern Holt" is going to change her name—her real name.

Moreover, that, Miss Isabella Bird, the author of one of the most delightful works of travel ever written, is going to marry "Dr.—, Bishop of Edinburgh."

It is stated, however, that the lady has stipulated that after marriage she shall be permitted to travel five months in every year. Why five?

Indian embroidery is fast overtaking English work. It is much cheaper, and (on the whole) as good.

Bagot *v.* Bagot has come to an end at last, everybody agreeing to everything. It is an adventurous family, and the women are very pretty.

During the Zulu War, one of them was at Durban, and nothing could have been more delightful to the travel and war-worn Englishmen than such an unexpected vision of elegance at the Royal.

All the cavalry did not delight in it so much, though.

Lady Lush died yesterday morning, and the newspapers state the fact as if they were surprised. If a man is knighted, does his wife become immortal?

Lady Lush will be very sincerely missed by an immense number of friends.

What has come over Freddy Martin's life of Carlyle, which I have been told was ready long ago, and only awaited the final date? I was told a well-known firm just round the corner from Pall Mall had the whole thing ready to be published. Has Freddy been induced to suppress his book as he did the life begun in that unfortunate *Biographical Magazine* of his two or three years ago, the second number of which has not yet appeared?

Mr. Tennyson's "Song of the Sisters, O, Diviner Air," from his new volume of poems, has been set as a duett by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

A book on "Bartolozzi and his Works," by Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, is in the press. It will include the most extensive list of Bartolozzi's works yet compiled.

Mr. Carl Rosa has secured the right of the first representation in London of Mr. Villiers Stanford's opera *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*.

A City merchant who appeared at the Westminster Police-court the other day to prosecute Bertha de Sterke, of Lambri case celebrity, on a charge of threatening and intimidation, was asked if he had ever lived with the prisoner. "Not exactly been living with her," was the reply, "but till two years ago I was very friendly with her."

What, if "the Nihilists" who killed the Czar were found to have procured their infernal "bombs" in England?

There is nothing our Continental neighbours will not think—and say of us—now-a-days. They even say this, and ask, "Where is Hartmann?"

We cannot say where he *is*. But it is notorious that he has been here, there, and everywhere in London. Within the last few days, however, he and his friends are said to have changed their residence, and not left their address behind them with the police.

The condition of affairs in the telegraph service has become serious if not critical. If the next step rested with the clerks in the provinces there would be an immediate strike. The leaders of the movement in the metropolis since the result of the deputation to Mr. Fawcett became known, have received from all quarters the intimation that if the word to strike is given in London there will be an immediate and unanimous response in the country. Such an end to the agitation, though it has been considered at headquarters here, is not yet regarded as by any means inevitable, there being a strong disposition to trust to the sense of justice of the Government.

From what I hear, there were many of the complaints of the telegraphists, about which Mr. Fawcett had never heard. The Postmaster-General was not aware that the clerks were called to assist the "sorters" in the Post-office in "emergencies," and ridiculed the charge brought forward by the surveyors that the telegraphists were bad "sorters." Some of the practices complained of by the clerks, and declared by the Post-office authorities to be only "temporary" have been going on for six years, greatly to Mr. Fawcett's astonishment.

A mass meeting of the telegraphists will be held on Saturday in London to consider the situation, and similar gatherings will be held in several leading provincial towns.

The "bottle trick" is played in a variety of ways. But the latest version appears to be casting your bottle upon the waters on the chance of its returning with a charge of murder, or some other playful indictment inside.

A "message from the sea" was picked up on Weymouth Beach on Tuesday, and this was the message:—"Weymouth, Beneath the Nothe Fort, under a rock, the dead body of a girl will be found. She was murdered a few years ago. Private ——, Nothe Fort, is her murderer."

Chang, and the tallest member of the City Police, who takes a lofty view (6 feet 5 inches in his stockings) of the congested traffic at the Mansion House, may hide their diminished heads. They will "looked down upon" by a Moravian monster, who is in training for exhibition in London. Joseph Drasal—it is not so unlike thrash all—commences at 1 inch, and proceeds upwards to 8 feet 3½ inches, at which altitude he at present stops. But he is a young man, and has time to grow.

Why do dwarfs so readily, but giants so rarely, enter the marriage state?

Mr. Senior, whose speedy return to England I announced last week, has left behind in Queensland work that will keep his memory green. The colony owe to him, among many things, the conception and completion of a plan for the daily record of legislative proceedings, as full and as systematic as our Hansard, by a band of well-trained reporters organised by Mr. Senior as the Hansard Cadet Class. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Senior's labours were recognised by Queensland politicians, and that their thank were profuse for a "gallery" which had "Hansard" so well.

The old Egyptian rooms of the British Museum are gradually being relieved of their contents. But nothing is said of the mummies who crowd workers out of the Reading-room.

The Hon. A. Parker, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Macclesfield, who has been at death's door, is going on most favourably. Out of respect for the young sportsman the Christ Church "Grind," the St. Aldates Club dinner, and other important undergraduate events have been postponed *sine die*. Mr. Parker is captain of the Christ Church Cricket Club, but it is feared he will not be enabled to fulfil the duties of the office this year.

An Oxford correspondent writes to say that "the rumour that Mr. J. W. Chitty would vacate Oxford for a Judgeship turns out to be entirely without foundation, and must be classed with the *canards* that from time to time reach us from that ancient seat of learning. I apprehend that not one, two, or three judgeships would, in a business point of view, for the loss he would thus sustain, compensa[te] he popular Oxford and Cambridge umpire, who, we are pleased to find, will again act for the two blues in that honourable position, and take the chair at the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race Jubilee dinner at Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday, April 7th."

"What may happen over the Election Commission no one can divine, but it is generally thought that Mr. Chitty's eat will not be affected by the verdict of the Commissioners."

Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope is still extremely ill at Nice. The accounts received by telegraph yesterday were more favourable.

Courts and Courtiers.

The Lord Chamberlain (the Earl of Kenmare) wil represent the Queen at the funeral of the late Emperor of Russia.

Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein have left Windsor Castle for Cumberland Lodge.

Prince Leopold, attended by the Hon. A. Yorke, arrived at Windsor Castle last evening from Claremont.

The Prince Alfred, and the Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra of Edinburgh also arrived.

Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., visited the Queen yesterday, and remained to luncheon.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the death of the much-lamented Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness's mausoleum at Frogmore, was, by Her Majesty's command, opened between the hours of half-past twelve and three in the afternoon to enable the members of the Royal Household and their families to visit it.

The Duke of Connaught visited the Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday and remained to luncheon.

The Prince of Wales visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace in the afternoon.

The funeral of the late Count Jaraczewski takes place to-day. His death causes a great void and universal regret among an immense number of friends, and he is followed to his grave by the deep and affectionate regrets of many members of the Royal Family, and of all those who had learned to esteem him at his true worth.

Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, sister of the Duchess of Cambridge, is lying seriously ill, and, owing to her age, grave doubts are entertained of her recovery.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Bath received a small party at dinner yesterday at their residence in Berkeley-square.

The Countess of Rosebery had an evening party yesterday at her residence in Piccadilly.

Countess Stanhope has issued invitations for a reception on Saturday next at her residence in Grosvenor-place.

The Dowager Countess of Aberdeen has gone to Ventnor for a few days.

Sir H. Drummond Wolff, M.P., who was absent from the House on Monday night, is still confined to his bed by an attack of quinsey and bronchial congestion.

Dowager Lady Lyttelton entertained the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone and a small party at dinner last evening at her house in Bryanstone-square.

Lady Lush, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Lush, who died yesterday morning about five o'clock, after a short and severe illness, was daughter of the Rev. Christopher Woollacott, and was married in 1839, to Sir Robert (then Mr.) Lush.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold will open the Masonic Hall at Nottingham on the 29th June, and will open the new university buildings, which are to cost £100,000, on the following day. The Duke of St. Albans, as district Grand Master, is making every arrangement for a very large masonic gathering, this being his first appearance in his high office since the installation about two years ago.

Her Majesty's staghounds will not hunt to-morrow in consequence of the death of the Emperor of Russia.

Her Majesty the Empress of Austria and suite will shortly, it is expected, come to town from Cheshire, as apartments have been secured for the use of Her Majesty and attendants in Claridge's Hotel in Brook-street.

It is an interesting fact about the Empress of Austria that, following Whyte-Melville's often-expressed opinion, she almost always rides young horses. Among those reserved for her own use there are, I think, but two aged horses. The dash and confidence of a well-broken young hunter will save more falls than the caution of an older horse.

The Empress's well-known affability and munificence have already made her immensely popular in Cheshire. Out hunting she has a pleasant word for everybody, and takes the ups and downs of the sport with perfect goodwill. As an enthusiastic farmer remarked of her the first day she was out, "She's a thorough good sportsman."

Lord Fife has intimated a donation of £500 towards the erection of a new Town Hall for Elgin.

The Duke of Hamilton's birthday was celebrated with the customary rejoicings at Brodick, in the island of Arran, on Saturday last.

His Majesty "the King of the Goths" is ill.

This is one of the titles of Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway. His Majesty has four sons, three of whom are called Oscar.

At the Arts Club.

The Dramatic Authors' Society appears to have struck terror into the minds of amateur performers. A short time ago I was present at an amateur dramatic performance in one of the large London halls, and was informed by the manager that the subject of the piece and the names of the characters were on no account to appear in the press. The play was a very popular one, now being performed at one of the West End theatres, and the amateur manager had apparently been informed by an agent of the proprietor that the piece might be performed for a benevolent object.

All preparations were made, and on the day that the performance was to take place, a communication was received from the Dramatic Authors' Society, threatening pains and penalties if the piece should be played. A telegram was instantly sent to the author in Ireland, who replied that he was powerless in the matter. After a prolonged interview with the proprietor of the theatre, who for three hours contended that the thing was utterly impossible, permission was at length granted on the above conditions. A few days after this a similar request was made by other amateur performers, who were playing a piece over twenty-five years' old.

The Dante Society which has been organised at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has recently held its first meeting at the house of Mr. Longfellow.

Bragging of immense success and overflowing houses will not do in Paris unless it is true, and then, of course, there is no necessity to brag. The Dramatic Authors' Society and the Government, who tax the receipts, both take care to check to a franc the amount really taken at the

theatres, and just as the circulation of the newspapers used to be accurately certified among us before the abolition of the penny stamp, so is the financial history of every playhouse in France periodically made known, beyond possibility of dispute. Nearly all the Paris theatres made more money last year than the year before; the Theatre Français even half a million more. This petted establishment, which repudiates the duty of producing new pieces, cleared altogether in the twelve months last assessed 2,400,000 francs, or very nearly £100,000 sterling. This besides a theatre rent-free and a Government subsidy.

At last the French theatres and the dramatic authors have persuaded the Chamber of Deputies to put a curb on the inconvenient rivalry of the singing *cafés*. These latter establishments are now raised to the first category for purposes of assessment—besides the *droit des pauvres* which they have always paid. One establishment which has been paying taxes to the amount of 3,000 francs a year, will now pay 8,500. Many will shut up, which is rather hard on Pierre and Alphonse, who, after a long day's work, find it more convenient to take a "boch" and hear a comic song and duet than to sit for four hours to see a melodrame.

Mr. Boucicault is nothing if not original. Next season he proposes to form a company of the sons and daughters of prominent comedians.

Mr. Boucicault says:—"The idea was presented to my mind when my son and daughter appeared together recently in London. They were received with such marked favour that I was struck at once with the thought that such an organisation, made up chiefly of the young people, would be likely to achieve success. The late Sothern had two sons and a daughter, all of whom are on the stage. Mr. Jefferson has one or more children in the profession. I myself have one son already on the stage, and a daughter who is soon to make her first appearance."

He thinks that a company of this kind would form a pleasant and charming attraction. It could be pleasant, it must be charming. Fresh young faces recalling memories of days that have gone, and of some, alas! who have ceased to tread Life's boards, are always sure of welcome from "old stagers." But names alone are not artistic triumph, nor sympathy commercial success. And Mr. Boucicault seems sanguine of both.

Madame Albani, after her triumph in Brussels, came straight to London.

It is said that Patti has been offered £500 a night for a fortnight to sing in New York.

The nonentities of the Press who pipe in praise of its anonymity, must be shocked to learn that "London Journalists" will form a series of articles in *Harper's Magazine*. They will be more scandalised when it is discovered that they are ignored. Mr. Joseph Hatton is the —unveiled—Mokanna.

It is whispered that Mr. Robert Giffin is about to retire from his post at the Board of Trade, and resume his life as a journalist. This he commenced many years ago as a reporter to a paper in Stirling, and he has had the credit of having directed that too-little read financial paper, *The Statist*.

Herr Bandmann is drawing good houses in New Zealand with a round of Shakespearian characters, supported by Miss Beaudet.

An error slipped into our paragraph as to the name of the lady whose charms have proved more potent than the commands of the great Chancellor of Germany. It should have been Princess Carolath-Beuthen, *née* Princess Hatzfeldt, long recognised as one of the beauties of the German Court; but, where was her husband's philosophy, when a well-known officer of the Garde de Corps occupied the position now filled by Count Herbert.

Among the postponements in consequence of the Czar's death, is that of the distribution of prizes by the Duchess of Edinburgh at Burlington House.

The Day's Amusements.

A select party was invited to the hunt breakfast at Donnington Hall, to meet the Empress of Austria, who yesterday hunted with the North Staffordshire pack, over which the Marquis of Stafford presides. Matters were again looking serious from a sporting point of view, as the afternoon was well advanced before a fox was found. He, however, proved of the right sort, and after a good forty minutes run, during which the empress was always among the leaders, he saved his brush.

Her Majesty will hunt with the North Cheshire at Oullon Park to-day, and will not attend the Four Oaks Park race meeting, as previously arranged.

Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott are so fond of shooting with each other that, despite the nightly meeting in that most dreary of competitions at the Aquarium, they apparently determined to have the final of the Great Pigeon Shooting Championship Match at Hendon all to themselves. The American proved too good for his opponent, and somewhat easily secured the handsome Challenge Cup, and the first prize, which should amount to nearly £700.

The great American shot seems to guage his opponents pretty accurately, as may be seen by his scores. He won his first match with Ira Paine with a total of 28; his second with Mr. Turner-Turner with 38; his third with Mr. Graham with 40; and the final with Mr. Scott with 79, the last being at 100 pigeons.

It has been stated that Bennett and Shorter were to play for the championship (billiards) at St. James's Hall, on the 21st. We believe the date for the match in question, if not the match itself, is quite unsettled.

I regret to hear it rumoured that foul play is the cause of a scarcity of foxes in the Oakenden Gate district of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt. A dead fox has been found with poison in its stomach, administered in a red herring.

The North Shropshire hounds are without a master, Sir Vincent Corbet, Bart., having resigned. A meeting is to be held at Shrewsbury to arrange for the future hunting of the county.

The noble army of welshers were adequately represented at the Wye Steeplechases yesterday, and many a simple backer found out, perhaps for the first time, the true meaning of "brief-snatching." Luckily, a good body of police were present to prevent anything approaching "even wagering."

The Four Oaks Park course at Sutton Coldfield, at which races are being held to-day and to-morrow for the first time, has been formed at an expenditure of £100,000, and is modelled after Kempton and Sandown. The race-course is 1½ miles in length, and has a good straight finish. Quite 4,000 persons can be accommodated in the paddock and stands. Besides these, suites of apartments have been provided for royalty. It will be remembered the memorial-stone was laid in June last by Lady Berkeley Paget, wife of the Chairman of Directors.

George Fordham rode Out of Bounds, Buchanan, and Thebais in their gallops at Manton yesterday.

The Light Blue coach, Mr. W. B. Close, returned to Cambridge yesterday, and, together with Mr. Watson-Taylor, gave the eight a good spin. Amongst those on the banks to witness the rowing were Mr. Blake, of Corpus, an old Blue, and the Rev. Mr. Denman.

An undergraduate writes me respecting the Oxford crew as follows:—"On the whole, the chances of the Dark Blues are good, although the odds that are being laid on them are not warranted by their form at present. Their palpable faults, as a body, are irregular sliding and a slack recovery, while the time on bow side is not at all good." The crew will arrive at Marlow to-day for a few days' practice. Unfortunately, through the death of Miss Grenfell, they will not this year be the guests of Mr. Grenfell, M.P., at Taplow.

The athletic season at Oxford terminated yesterday under favourable auspices, the weather, attendance, and sport being all good. G. P. C. Lawrence (Corpus) won the 120-yard hurdle race in 16 2-5th secs., and F. R. Benson (New) had an easy win in the three miles, his time, 15min. 15sec., being very good indeed.

The self-same couple had not by any means finished their day's work at Hendon, and, as usual in the evening, met again at the Royal Aquarium to shoot at the glass balls; and here it may be mentioned that both men appear to be well-nigh worn out from the extra amount of labour done in the shooting line lately. At the lowest estimate, each man shot away at the very least 1,250 cartridges yesterday. For the benefit of "doubters" I may add that there is just sufficient feeling existing between thetwo to make the present tussle an interesting one. I know for a fact that both men are trying their hardest to win. Carver broke 500 straight off in the single series last night, and missed in the 6th hundred, while Mr. Scott missed three balls out of 600. In the double rises Carver missed six out of 400, while Mr. Scott missed nine out of the same number.

A new Central Club has been started at Hastings, to be called the Hastings and St. Leonard's C.C., with Baron Von Reischach as president.

A tenant of the Prince of Wales informs me that he has met with several young rabbits within the last few days upon his farm, and, he adds, "considering the terrible severity of the winter, this must surely be a best on record."

Royal Alfred Yacht Club Channel Race starts on the 4th of June, and the Earl of Kilmarney and some gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Rosstrevor (Ireland) are arranging to hold a regatta at Carlingford Lough, June 6, when valuable prizes will be offered for twenty and five ton yacht races.

The Executive of the Bicycle Union have at las awakened to the fact that the position of a cyclist should be clearly defined, and have resolved, "That an application be made to the Clerk of the Lords' Committee on the Highways Act, asking to be allowed to give evidence on the working of that statute as far as cyclists are concerned." It is certainly to be hoped that some satisfactory conclusion may be arrived at, as the present system of bye-laws is extremely perplexing to tourists and others.

A Bombay Correspondent writes that a general Inter-Regimental Polo Match was to take place at Umballa on March 7, the entries for which included 6th Dragoon Guards, 9th Lancers, 10th Hussars, 100th Regiment, and 12th Bengal Cavalry. The arrangements were to be in the hands of Lord Ogilvy, 10th Hussars.

The final tie for the shooting championship of the world, which took place at the Union Gun Club Grounds at Hendon, yesterday, was one more score for the Americans, the winner turning up in the redoubtable Dr. Carver. The two contestants were Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott, who shot at 100 pigeons each. The Doctor began with killing 21 out of 24, while his opponent only grassed 14 out of the same number. Scott, however, woke up presently and grounded 25 birds in succession, which closed the gap between the pair. The Doctor ultimately won, he killing 79 out of 100, while Mr. Scott scored 74, being beaten by 5 only. It is worthy of remark that whereas the latter, whenever he made a good shot, was cheered lustily by the large number of spectators present, the Doctor, on the other hand, received no encouragement from the crowd, and when it was found that he had won, "not a sound was heard" in the direction of jubilation.

The Oxford crew took their last farewell of the "Isis" yesterday, when Paterson, of Trinity College, who had been absent from temporary indisposition, resumed his place at the thwart, vice Harrison, of Keble, the reserve man, who has been doing effective duty in Paterson's absence. The men take their departure this morning for Marlow, where the boats have been forwarded by Tims, the University official. They are expected to remain at Marlow for about a fortnight's quiet practice, having left Oxford with a clean bill of health.

The following is a list of the competitors, with the totals obtained, in the third contest for the Fourth Winter Cup of the Notting-hill Gun Club, held yesterday, added to a sweepstake of £3 each. The competitors had seven birds each:—Mr. Pebble (24½), 7; Mr. Hilton (28½), 6; Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell (28), 6; Mr. Maxwell, (24), 6; Mr. Turner-Turner (27½) 5; Mr. F. Leighton (28½), 5; Captain Shelley (28½), 4; Sir G. Leith Buchanan (27½), 3; Captain Gordon Hughes (26), 3; Mr. A. S. Riversdale (24), 3; Mr. C. Seaton (25½), 3; Mr. C. Dugmore (25½), 2; Mr. Kew (23), 1; Mr. Hope (27), 1; Mr. Quintin (27), 1; Mr. C. O. Clarke (27½), 0.

A programme of the Gun Club for the season has been issued, and will be found to contain a long list of meetings, commencing on Saturday, the 26th inst., and ending on Saturday, July 23.

In the City.

A membership of the New York Stock Exchange has just been sold for 31,000 dols., and the buyer had to pay in addition 1,000 dols. to the Stock Exchange. There are 1,100 memberships, and at 32,200 dols. each, the present value of the total membership is 35,200,000 dols. Five years ago it was difficult to obtain 5,000 dols. for a membership.

Somehow or other the actual cost of things in the City always does seem to outrun by a tremendous sum the estimates or the money in hand. There was the Temple Bar memorial the other day costing just double as much as it was expected to cost; and now I see that, with funds in pocket and from expected sources amounting in all to £55,000, the governors of the City and Guilds Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education say that they cannot raise and complete the building for their central

establishment under a cost of £76,000, or just a trifle of £20,000 in advance of what they have.

After all, we seem not to have so much against the railway companies as is generally supposed. Speaking at the annual dinner of the Railway Officers' and Servants' Association at the Cannon-street Hotel last evening, Earl Lathom, the chairman, alluding to a year's disasters on the railways of the United Kingdom, said that the total number of passengers conveyed, exclusive of season-ticket holders, was 562,732,890. The number of passengers injured or killed from causes beyond their own control was 1 in 7,503,000 killed; and 1 in 934,700 injured. If season-tickets had been included the number of killed would have been only 1 in 9,000,000.

Do we not need more hospital accommodation in London? At the annual meeting of the Governors of the Royal Chest Hospital, in the City, held on Tuesday, it was stated that in all the hospitals of the metropolis there are not more than 5,000 beds available for the sick poor.

If there is one social matter more than another we should like to see made the subject of legislation, it is that all houses over a certain amount of rental should be compelled to have letter-boxes. In very poor neighbourhoods there are many reasons why this could not well be carried out; but, in respectable streets and roads, it is an almost pitiable sight to see the postman waiting whilst dilatory people come to the door; exasperating, also, to other people who are waiting for their correspondence.

Law and Police.

Sir Richard Malins has no intention of departing from his resolution to resign his seat on the Bench; and the statements which have appeared to that effect are merely due to the fact that the formal resignation has not yet been sent in. Appointed in May, 1866, Sir Richard would in a couple of months be regularly entitled to the pension for fifteen years' service; and, in a case like the present, he is undoubtedly entitled to it by courtesy.

Mr. Chitty is sure to have the vacant Judgeship offered to him.

Whether the Member for Oxford will give up from ten to twelve thousand a year, with a seat in the House for five thousand with a seat on the Bench, is quite another question.

Mr. Chitty is still a young and vigorous man, on whom hard work seems to have no effect.

At Bloomsbury County Court, yesterday, a well-known London journalist sued the proprietors of a provincial paper for payment for literary matter which he had contributed to the journal in the form of a London Letter. The journalist lost the day on the ground that the defendants did not instruct him to write the matter, but another person, and this person had turned over the work to the well-known journalist, who will most probably be put to further trouble in order to get his money. This shows one of the evils of "devilling," as doing literary work by proxy is often termed.

Two boys, who had been taken out of the Plymouth Workhouse, charge "a Devonshire farmer occupying a good position in life," with serious illtreatment. Before the magistrates, the boys stated that they had been ill-treated, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and improperly lodged. On Christmas-day Hammond was kept tied up in a back kitchen without a fire from ten in the morning until seven in the evening. Constant was continually beating him; on one occasion he hit him with a hedge-stake on the head, and made a wound which was still open when he returned to the workhouse, and on another occasion he hit the boy in the mouth with his fist. The two lads had been on defendant's farm only a few months, and on the 26th of January they returned to the workhouse, one of them being in a terribly debilitated and emaciated condition, and covered with sores and bruises. Leverrier—the defendant—is described as a "man"—we wonder he was not styled "a gentleman"—"of independent means," but the magistrates had the courage to ignore all this, and sentenced him to six months' imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Yesterday a warder named Whiteman, whilst in charge of a working party of convicts in the Portsmouth Extension Works, was violently attacked by a convict named Rollings, with whose work he had had occasion to find fault. The unfortunate warder was so severely beaten about the head with the shovel with which his assailant was armed that the medical men say that should he survive he will be permanently incapacitated for duty. Rollings was, with the assistance of some of the other convicts, immediately secured.

Bertha de Sterke, who will be remembered in connection with the Lambri v. Labouchere libel case, and who stood charged with using threats to one Nicholas Contopolis, a Greek merchant, of 36, Queen Victoria-street and Dunstan-villa, Honor-oak, Peckham, was yesterday ordered to find two good bail in £25 each and herself in £50 to keep the peace for six months, and the required sureties were entered into.

One would like to make the acquaintance of Mr. Sheriff Lees, of Glasgow. While addressing a jury on Tuesday, the panel in the case being a policeman, the learned Sheriff ventured the observation that there were just as great criminals in the (Glasgow) police force as there were out of it. A judge so discriminating, and so rarely endowed with the courage of his opinions, is entitled to the thanks of the whole British public. The policemen of Glasgow—all of them Highlanders and Ulster Orangemen—naturally resent the Sheriff's uncomplimentary remark. They purpose holding an indignation meeting.

At the Scarborough Police-court yesterday morning, John Maude, a printer, of Scarborough, was committed for trial at the ensuing York Assizes for printing and publishing a defamatory libel on Sir Charles Legard, the late member for the borough in Parliament. "The alleged libel was contained in some verses entitled "Poor Charley," reflecting on the private character of Sir Charles, who denied the imputations. The defendant was released on bail.

Cuckoo Notes.

The Archbishop of Dublin's pastoral, fulminated against the Ladies' Land League, has produced a characteristic rejoinder from Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P. The hon. Member expresses a hope that his Grace will, on calm reflection, regret having done a cruel wrong in a moment of error to pure and devoted Catholic ladies. He repudiates the imputation that they have "put aside the veil of modesty and put on the mask of hyprocrisy," and says it is a dangerous thing for any one, especially an exalted prelate, to impute motives. He puts it to the Archbishop "as a matter of conscience," whether he is justified in publicly

insulting and wronging some of the most exemplary and devoted children of the Church, known to their pastors as models of every virtue that exalts and adorns the Christian woman. We imagine his Grace *will* regret—if only because he has brought the Member for Meath about his ears.

We have been twice to see "The Mug" at the Lyceum, but can see nothing in it. It is, indeed, a case of a full house but an empty Cup.

Talking about cups, brings out the old story of the presentation. The officers of a northern regiment resolved to present their colonel with a token of their esteem for him. A cup was selected, and the major appointed to make the presentation. He confined himself to his room for two days, and managed to get up a long grandiloquent speech, the Colonel setting himself to committing to memory a gushing reply. The day came, the men were all drawn up. The Major got nervous, the Colonel fidgetted, every one waited impatiently. "Colonel," said the Major, "there's the mug." "'Od, Major, is that the jug?" was the reply, and it was all over.

A Dublin correspondent telegraphs that the 30 prisoners at present confined in Kilmainham Gaol, were yesterday "supplied by the ladies of the Land League with a bed *and all its accessories*, a chair, and some articles of underclothing." Earl Percy should extend his inquiry this afternoon into this interesting fact, and move for returns. Only fancy. *Cuckoo!*

Yachts are beginning to fit out in Cowes, but the yacht-building business has been a good deal less energetic of late than for many years before. The successes of the *Vanduara* — not in the Solent, where she did not distinguish herself—have shaken a good deal of the firm old faith in Ratsy and other eminent Southern builders. Orders that would have kept Cowes busy have been sent instead to Glasgow yards. Any one who remembers how bitterly the waterside men of Cowes spoke of the "Scotchmen" as they watched the yachts from under the castle last August can understand how jealously the reputation of locally-built yachts is watched over by the people whose living depends on the *prestige* of the place.

Sharp eyes have noticed a pleasing change in the "inner circle" life at the Mansion-house. The invitations sent out are in a handwriting giving evidence of decision and straightness; while the City Marshal on horseback looks for all the world as if part of his fiery charger. Even once-jovial-looking "Old Johnny" sits in his historical chair with an aspect born of no happy convivialities. What does it all mean? The new order of things, I suppose! But will it have the same effect on invited guests? Time, the revealer of all things, will answer.

The Hon. Evelyn Ashley opened a singularly attractive coffee tavern yesterday at Newport, I.W. High art has done a good deal to make these taverns dangerous rivals to cheap restaurants, &c. In the Newport one the colouring of warm shades of red and dead green in the dado would please even a Postlethwaite.

A Paris actress and her dressmaker have quarrelled. Mdlle. Marie Heilbron was engaged to appear as Juliet in the Marquis d'Ivry's opera, but failed to appear on the day fixed. The newspapers had something to say on the subject, whereupon the lady in defence wrote, among other excuses, that her dresses, made by Madame Delphine Baron, were so unsatisfactory that they had had to be remade by M. Pingat, and were not ready by the day named for the first performance. Five dresses originally cost £200, and £57 was paid for their alteration. Madame Baron sent a reply to the papers, and then sued "Juliet" for 50,000 francs for damages to her reputation. The judge of the inferior court decided that no material damage had been proved, and Madame Baron has now appealed.

In close proximity to the university buildings at Nottingham which Prince Leopold will open on the 30th June, is a fine Masonic hall now approaching completion. The Masons of the county and of the northern midland district generally are anxious that his Royal Highness should, during his visit, take part in the ceremony of opening this hall, and efforts are now being made to induce him to fix either June 29th or July 1st for this purpose. The negotiations are in the trustworthy hands of the Duke of St. Albans, and we have good reason to believe there is good prospect of a favourable reply.

When will the Government find time to deal with the parochial charities of the city. Only the other day Mr. Mundella said in the House that they had been in many instances "grossly misapplied." To the many proofs of this which the late inquiry elicited may be added some items to be found in the accounts of the parish of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, recently issued. The "summer dinner" of the "leading parishioners" at the Oatlands Park Hotel is down for £66 3s. 1d.; the audit dinner at the Albion Tavern cost £64 10s.; and there is an item of eleven guineas for vocalists, and another of £20 for a testimonial to a parochial officer. Wine figures three times to the amount of about £17, and refreshments for committees, £4 17s. 4d.

Yesterday evening the first general meeting of the members of the London Municipal Reform League was held at the Cannon-street Hotel. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. J. F. B. Firth, M.P., the chair was taken by Mr. Sydney C. Buxton, M.L.S.B.

Tuesday was the first day of the close season for all coarse fish, both under the rules of the Thames Conservancy and the Act known as "Mundella's Act." The Thames will remain closed against coarse fish angling until June 16. The fish thus protected include pike, perch, roach, tench, bream, carp, rudd, chub (chevin), and dace; and not only is there a penalty entailed by the catching of the fish, but any person found in possession of the fish in the fence months incurs a penalty. Trout fishing in the Thames commences on the 1st proximo and ends on the 10th of September.

The Carriage Co-operative Supply Association, Limited, seems destined to have a very brief life. Commencing business last year under favourable auspices and a strong directorate, with the Earl of Perth and Melford as chairman, a petition has already been presented for its winding-up.

Actually an East-end parish has set an example to the corporation of the City of London in the matter of "memorials." There has been erected, at a cost of only £1,018, a fine tall massive column and drinking fountain of polished red and grey granite, in Old-street, Shoreditch, to commemorate a great public improvement in the locality. There are proper inscriptions, but no one's vanity has been pandered to, for the structure does not bear a single name. Bravo, St. Leonard, Shoreditch! But wisdom came at first from the east!

Touching our paragraph yesterday about Tennyson saying that the nightingales had not sung at Farringford since the Prince Consort died, it occurs to a correspondent that Mr. Swinburne may have been residing at Farringford. That poet recently told us that he went into a garden in Italy and began reciting one of his poems, and the birds gave up singing.

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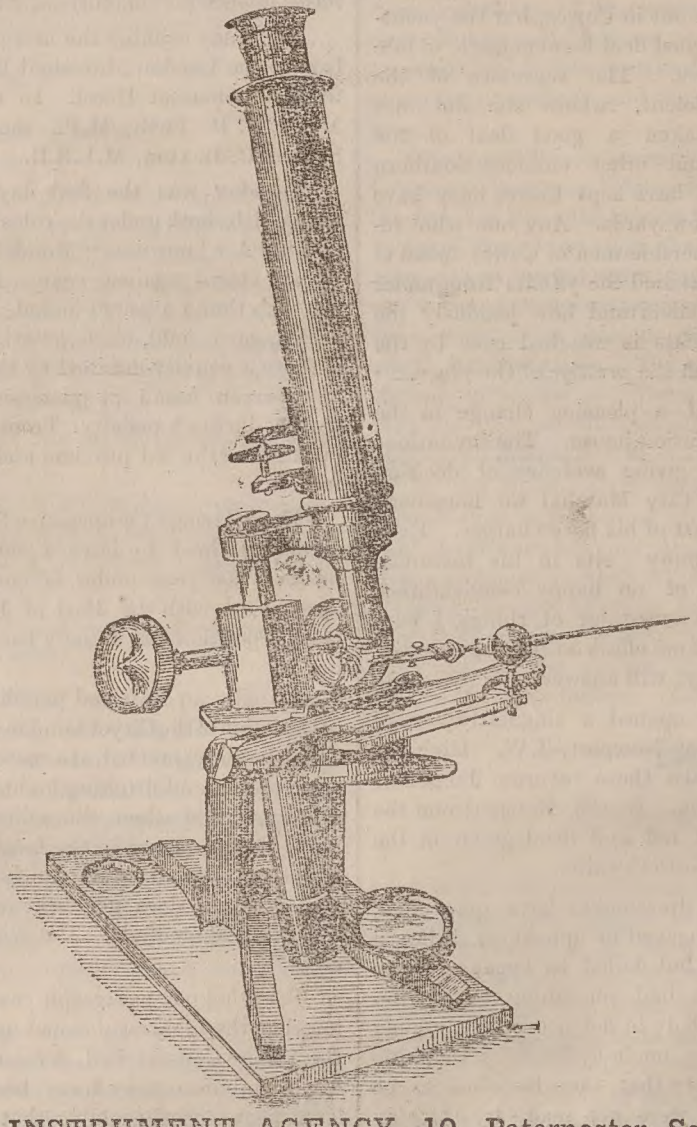

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The INTERNATIONAL MICROSCOPE, No. 2 (see Illustration, one-third scale), with Solid Brass Stand; coarse and fine Adjustments; a Sliding-Plate to the Stage; Draw-tube, Eye-piece; Double Mirror, Condenser on Brass Stand; a Set of the best English Acromatic Object-Glasses, 3 separately mounted powers, ¼, ½, and 1-inch; a Brass Live-Box for examining Fluids or Live Objects; a Pair of Brass Stage Forceps; Hand Forceps; 3 Slides—the whole enclosed in a Polished Mahogany Case, with Drawer to hold 2 dozen slides, Lock and Fittings, price £8.

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